not in Watts.

THE ROYAL PENITENT:

OR,

THE PSALMES OF DON ANTONIO KING OF PORTUGAL;

In which a Sinner confesses his faults, and implores the Grace of God.

Translated into English by Fr. Ch. *Esq.*

Francis Chamberlayn.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
AND MOST
VIRTUOUS LADY,
THE LADY,
FRANCES POWLET,
Daughter to the Right Honourable LORD *Marqueſs of* Winchester.

MADAM,

THis *Royal Penitent* being a ſtranger in theſe parts, and having newly learned of me to ſpeak *English*, I ima-

gined my ſelf obliged to preſent him unto a Perſon worthy of his greatneſs and virtues, and knowing your Ladiſhips moſt Noble extraction from the moſt Eminent of our Nation in dignity, and far more Illuſtrious and Tranſcendent for their incomparable Virtues, I have made my humbleſt adreſſes unto your Honour, who is the Mirrour of your moſt

Honour-

Honourable Parents perfections, to afford a gracious receptance unto him, who is the moſt admirable example of pious Humility, that ever was cloathed in Regal Robes, ſince the Royal Prophets time, who for his humility & repentance merited to be ſtyled by God, a man according unto his Heart. Let therefore, I humbly beſeech your La^ſhip the

repentance of this King find in your moſt chaſt and charitable Heart ſuch a repentance, that for his ſake your Honour be ſo charitable towards me, as to patronize theſe my endeavours of expreſſing the ineffable obligations I owe your Honour, and of demonſtrating how highly I ſhall eſteem the Honour of being deemed,

Madam, Your Ladiſhips moſt humble and obliged ſervant,

Francis Chamberleyn.

THE ROYALL PENITENT,

IN WHICH,
A Sinner confeſſeth his faults, and implores the Grace of God.

PSALM I.

O Heavens! where ſhall I find tears ſufficient to weep the loſſes and diſorders of my ſoul? when I conſider that which already is paſt of my life, and do behold with the eyes of my ſoul the actions of my youth:

I find therein nothing but cauſes of horrour, and ſubjects of ſadneſſe.

This reflection, which I make on my ſelf, hath nothing which doth not affright me, which doth not condemn me, which doth not bereave me of hope, and which doth not put my ſoul into confuſion.

I know what I have been, I have known what I ought to have been, I do not know at this inſtant what I am, I do apprehend what I ſhall be; and the greater is my apprehẽſion thereof, becauſe I have not grief great enough for having offended my God.

The

The weakneſſe of my apprehending hindereth the increaſe of my repentance. Alas, Lord! thou haſt a long time beaten me, & the weight of thy blowes ſhould have made me ſee the greatneſſe of my ſins, notwithſtanding I do not as yet repent.

Thou haſt a long time called me, and yet I hear thee not; Theſe many years haſt thou endeavoured to enter into my ſoul, and I am yet ſo much my own enemy, that I will not afford him entrance, who bringeth me life.

I am environed with a thouſand evils; death doth threaten me on all ſides, and

although I am attached with all ſorts of calamities and afflictions, I have not in my ſoul a griefe that is able to contribute unto my ſalvatiõ.

It is not onely ſince my old age, that I ſuffer ſo many miſeries, I did begin to ſuffer, aſſoon as I began to live. I am a man of griefe ever ſince my youth; I can number as many diſaſters as I have lived moments; and I even at this day do ſuffer, becauſe ſuffering continually, I have not learned to repent my ſelf of my faults.

O admirable prudence of the great and cœleſtiall Phiſitian! O immenſe bounty of

of the King of Kings, of the maſter of Heaven and earth! O incomparable favour of this liberall hand, which every where beſtowes it's benefits!

O my God, thou giveſt me afflictions, leaſt I ſhould periſh in voluptuouſneſſe, and to teach me to rejoyce without making my joyes faulty. Thou ſend'ſt me griefs which muſt end, that I may be delivered from a tormẽt which ſhal have no end.

Thou doſt afflict my body for to procure through theſe afflictions the health & ſalvation of my Soul; thou doeſt not wound me, but for to cure

cure me the eaſier, thou takeſt not from me life, but for to beſtow on me a life more excellent, more glorious, and more triumphant.

But alas, I am ſo ignorant of what is neceſſary for me, that I repine at this medicine which proceeds from thy mercifull hand: I am fearfull of the miſeries whoſe violence ought to be profitable unto me, and that I receive them rather from thy mercie then from thy anger.

Neither do I know the preſervative which thou afford'ſt me; and how ſhall I know it, if not being able to be cured but by pain and ſufferance,

ſerance, I do earneſtly beſeech thee to deliver mee from ſo wholeſome and ſoveraign a pain. For is there any probability that I can be cured otherwiſe then by afflictions, ſeeing that pleaſures maketh me ſick, and leadeth me unto death.

Make me then, my God, to ſuffer: but to the end my ſorrow be turned into comfort, and that I may rejoyce with thee, teach me how I ought to ſuffer for to pleaſe thee, and to ſave my ſelf.

PSALM

PSALM II.

DAies and years are paſt, and *I* am ſo unhappy as to remain alwaies in the ſame condition; *I* am daily a ſinner and alwaies worthy of the anger of God.

After ſo many afflictions and miſeries, which without intermiſſion are renewed, yet I have not one good inclination, and I cannot deteſt my ſinnes, although they be the origine of my evills.

I am careleſſe of my daily relapſe, & I do not ſeriouſly endeavour to raiſe my ſelf again

gain when I am fallen. I add new offences unto my old iniquities, and from ſmall ones I paſs unto the greateſt.

What ſhall I do, my God, when my laſt day ſhall come? how ſhall I fly, where ſhall I hide me then when thou ſhalt call me unto judgement before thee, and when thou ſhalt cauſe me to give an account of the goods and favours thou haſt beſtowed on me.

What ſhall I anſwer thee, and how ſhall I excuſe my ſloath and negligence, when I ſhall ſee thee ſeated in the Throne of thy Majeſty, and thou ſhalt examine me a-

bout

bout the leaſt things which concerns my imployment and occupations ? Truly I ſhall then ſay, my God, I ſuffer to much violence : let thy mercy anſwer for me; what am I ? and where ſhall I find words ſufficient to anſwer thy Juſtice.

But what ſhall I do if thou enforceſt me to anſwer my ſelf ? I muſt ſay with trembling and confuſion, that I have not gained by the talents & treaſure I received at thy hands : I muſt confeſſe that I have imployed them in vain things, that they ſerved but to entertain my pleaſures: and that I have conſumed

ſumed them in living riotouſly and reproachfully.

Alas! I ſpeak a miſſe, when I ſay in living: without doubt I ſhall ſpeak more truly, if I ſay I waſted them in dying; I did ſeem to live during the time of my pleaſures; but now I know that I was dead, ſeeing I lived without thee my God, who art life it ſelf.

How then did I live, if I cannot remember to have ſometimes lived with thee. Well my God, ſeeing that the life of a ſinner is a true death, I can juſtly ſay that I began to die before I began to live: I did not know life, and I was already ſeparated from my God. My

My wicked inclinations ſupplied the want of age in the occaſions of offending thee, and ſcarcely was I born, but I was a ſinner: at my birth I bewailed the ſins I knew not, and in which I was begotten: and I had not as yet lamented anothers ſins, but I began my ſelf to commit the offences I knew, and yet I want tears.

I have loved the ſinns of my infancie, and I have corrupted with my impurities the innocencie of that age, in which nature ſeemeth to have collected all the purities of life.

I have breathed nothing but

but concupiſcence, I have permitted my ſelf to bee overcome by uncivil and wicked appetites; and my blindneſs hath been ſo great, that I have not diſcerned light from darkneſs, and the tranquility of the ſpirit from the tempeſtuouſneſſe of ſenſuality.

In an age ſo feeble, and ſo little curious of good; I have rather hearkned unto the world, then unto heaven; I have been vehemently tranſported with allurements of a deceitful pleaſure: and as if I did love better the pains then the recompenſe; I have done and acted on earth all that

that might precipitate me into hell.

From an infancy corrupted, I arrived unto a vicious youthfulneſs: my ſins are augmented with my age, and with me are increaſed.

Vain and lewd love made me reſemble a ſavage beaſt, and at the ſame time that I permitted my ſelf to be gained by its mortiferous ſweetneſſe, I became my own enemy, and did voluntarily run unto my deſtruction.

The dayes of my youth are conſumed in ſin, and through ſin I have paſſed in my young age, which is not to be known but by the vices

vices which diſhonoureth it.

The elder I grew, the more I ſinned: I have been young, and I have arrived unto the age of man, and vice alwayes held in my ſoul that place I ought to have given unto vertue.

Old age hath whitened my hairs, but it hath not been able to make me enter into the way which thou haſt ſhewn me: and as if I were an infant, at the age of an hundred years, both old and broken that I am, yet I do the actions of a child.

In what time then have I been

been innocent, for to desire to be judged according unto my innocencie? alas my God, although thou shouldest do me the favour to defer my judgement until I had found (for to defend my self) in all my life one moment of innocencie, what should I hope of this benevolence, if my life hath not had one moment which hath not been criminall.

Thou art just, my God, thy judgements are just, and rendereth unto every one according unto the works he hath done. But whatsoever I seek for to appease and pacifie thee, I find nothing in

in me which doth not incenſe thee: all my actions are unto me as many ſubjects of feat, and I cannot number them, but that I number as many ſins.

I have been alwayes an Artiſt in iniquity, I have alwayes proceeded in impiety, and its documents hath been ever moſt delightful unto me. In fine, I have remained in vice, as a hogg in the mire, who is not nouriſhed but in filth, and nothing could entertain and content me, but vain things, abloquies and blaſphemies.

All that was unto mee wholeſome and profitable, was

was unpleasing unto me, and I only delighted in that which brought death unto me. I conversed with none but with the wicked; I could not live but with the most reprobate and licentious, and I deemed my self most glorious and praise worthy, because I was most lew'd and wicked.

I knew well to excuse my self, but I could not learn to accuse my self; I imployed all my forces and energy to the hardening of my heart, and my sins were the greater and lesse excusable, because I esteemed my self not a sinner.

I endeavoured not to ſearch after the medicine which could cure the diſeaſes and maladies of my ſoul, ſeeing that I refuſed the remedies which were repreſented unto me, and that I was offended without regard and reaſon with thoſe that endeavoured my relief and comfort.

I did perſecute him that reprooved me, and I imbraced him that flattered me; I could not hearken unto the ſpeeches which concerned thee, and received and entertained with pleaſure the diſcourſes of thoſe, who were not inſpired with thy

holy Spirit: to conclude, my God, I have not ſtudied nor meditated but on the vanities of the world.

All my diſcourſes hath been on untruths and jeſts, and in whatſoever I have done, I have loved more and ſearched after darkneſs then light. Behold the image of my actions, behold the courſe and progreſſe of my life, wherein there is nothing to be found, but what is deſerving thy anger.

So, when that thou ſhaltſt queſtion me, I wil not anſwer thee, but in confeſſing my faults; and becauſe thou haſt inſtructed me, that by accuſing

ſing himſelf, one is excuſed before thee, *I* will not juſtifie my ſelf but with the acknowledgment of my offences.

Therefore remember not the licentious diſorders of my youth, cauſe not thy ſervant to appear before the Throne of thy Iuſtice; for it is impoſſible for man to juſtifie himſelf in thy preſence.

Although my God, thou art reſolved that *I* ſhall not avoid thy judgement, yet judge me according unto thy goodneſs and mercy, and not according unto thy juſtice; be mindful that *I* am

thy creature, although I am a ſinner.

And if my ſins incenſe thee againſt me, let thy mercie ſo appeaſe thee, that it render thee propitious unto the repentance of him, who doth adore thee, that it hindreth thee from being eternally angry with me, that it freeth me from infernal flames, to the end that my ſoul praiſe thee, and alwayes declare the effects of thy clemency.

PSAL.

PSALM III.

O How great hath my misfortune been, having incenſed him againſt me, who could have made me moſt happy; in having offended my Redeemer, and ſo arrogantly contemned his laws.

I have voluntarily forſaken the way that leadeth unto true felicitie; and as a ſtraied Sheep *I* have wandred without order and government, expoſed unto the mercie of whatſoever was capable to ruinate, and deſtroy me.

I have been every where, and *I* have paſſed through every place, and in every thing *I* have encountred with diſcontents, vexations, troubles and diſturbances.

I am wearied and fatigated with the waies of iniquity and perdition: *I* have been in every place for to find repoſe and conſolation, and *I* have not found it, becauſe *I* was not in queſt after my God.

I did walk in a ſteril and barren Countrey, which was the partage of death and ſin, *I* endeavoured to find that peace which conteineth only horrour and vexation, and

and where the ſoul is eternally tormented.

Whileſt *I* lived in honours, *I* permitted my ſelf to be blinded with their glitterings: and as if *I* had been ranked and liſted amongſt Beaſts, *I* eſtabliſhed my manſion with them in Woods, and Denns; *I* remained in voluptuous pleaſures and altogether in diſquiet and moleſtation.

My lodging was on Precipices, and fell aſleep at the very inſtant of my loſſe: and my blindneſſe was ſo ſtrange and wonderfull, that *I* hoped for repoſe, and aſſured ſecurity, in the midſt of

tormens and dangers.

What ſhall *I* do now, where ſhall *I* find a Sanctuary and place of refuge amongſt ſo many perils which doth threaten me on all ſides? the hopes of my youth are vaniſhed; I reſemble one that ſuffers Ship-wrack, who after the loſſe of a Veſſell, his riches and treaſures, is ſeen to ſwim unprofitably in the midſt of the Surges, beaten with winds and the waves.

I am driven far from the Port and Haven, I do not deſcry any thing capable to ſave me, and *I* permit my ſelf to be carried againſt the Rocks, where *I* ſhall miſerably

bly periſh: my enemy hath every way contrived ambuſcadoes for me, and *I* never miſtruſt him.

I have walked without fear and with bold confidence on the Precipices which he hath undermined and framed againſt me; and as if *I* had been willing to aſſiſt him in undoing and deſtroying me; *I* have exſtinguiſhed the light which could have diſcovered them.

I have flattered my ſelf in my ſinns, *I* have imagined my youth not to be ſubject unto the laws of death, and my Soul abuſed with this vain confidence opened it

ſelf unto all ſorts of evil and debauched deſires.

I permitted my ſelf to be conducted and governed by ſenſuality, *I* have miſerably followed it whereſoever its vigilance and tyranny carried me.

Oh Heavens! ſaid *I* in my ſelf, wherefore do *I* dream after death? wherefore ſhall *I* fondly meditate on the extremities and ends, before I think on the *Mediums* through which *I* muſt paſſe.

There remaineth life yet ſufficient for to know my ſelf, and *I* can at laſt convert my ſelf as often as *I* ſhall have a deſire & willingneſs thereunto.

unto. Even ſo *I* have waxed old in my impieties: a wicked cuſtome is changed into nature; and as a ſlave fettered with his Chaines, *I* am now enforced to obey him.

And *I* am as a Lunatick, who hates his body and life, and frights both the one and the other, as long as his ſleepy reaſon hath not power over his actions.

But alas! *I* loath and hate my ſelf with a more wonderfull and ſtranger odiouſneſſe, and far more dangerous: the Frantick incountereth and quarrelleth but with his body.

He raiſeth his hands and ſtroakes

ſtroakes but againſt earth; but my obdurateneſſe in ſin maketh me to coap and aſſault my ſoul, and after the wounds which *I* have made therein, it cauſeth me to deſtroy and kill it.

Even ſo being by degrees arrived unto the cumble and height of iniquitie: *I* do provoke and incenſe the wrath of my God, and my obſtinacy hath made me worthy both of his fury, & my ruine.

I am often conſtrained to ſmother and ſuffocate theſe old & vicious flames which conſumes me for ever. But it is impoſſible to ſeparate them from my heart, they find

find their nouriſhment within me, they are conglutinated unto my bones.

O my God diſtill and pour thy graces on me, *I* cannot extinguiſh theſe fires which deſtroyes me, but with the fire of thy divine love.

I have not ſufficient ſtrength to ſhake of the yoak which my ſins impoſed on me; thou muſt help to free me of it, and thy ſuccour at laſt muſt eaſe and comfort my feebleneſſe and faint-heartedneſſe.

I confeſſe that *I* have not merited ſo glorious & great favours; but ſeeing that thy bounty cauſeth the Sun

to

to ſhine as well on the wicked as one the good: and thou beſtoweſt wealth, health, and other benefits, even on the unworthy, and who did not demand them of thee, I know not how to imagine that thou ſhould'ſt deny him ſpirituall riches, who asketh and requeſteth them of thee with ſo much earneſtneſſe, and with ſo much ſorrow and regret, for having offended thee.

Therefore commiſerate me, let thy ears be open unto the Petition and demand of a poor man, thou who art rich in mercy, thou who art accuſtomed to pardon ſo eaſily,

easily, thou who purifieſt the wills of theſe wicked habits, thou who heareſt the lamentations and moans of the captives, thou who breakeſt the bands and gyves which we our ſelves make: in fine, thou who ſets us at liberty, when we have enthralled our ſelves, and that we do not imploy againſt thee this falſe liberty which men believe they poſſeſſe without thee.

Lend me therefore thy hand, leaſt thy work periſh, and that *I* fall into the dreadfull Gulf, where there is no water to be found for to quench the fire which there doth torment ſinners. De-

Deliver me from the mouth of this roaring *Lyon*, which ſeeketh to make me his Prey, and endeavoureth to devour me: for thou art my Protectour, and in thy onely mercy do *I* build all my hopes.

Let me therefore feel the effects of thy mercy accordingly as I have confided in thee; ſeeing that *I* have hoped *I* ſhall not be confounded: but at laſt having obteined the graces and favour *I* ask'd of thee: *I* will ſing thy praiſes and glory with the Angels, and all the bleſſed and happy Spirits.

PSALM IV.

I Have ſpent the nights in ſorrow and penſiveneſſe, and could not find any thing but terrours & horred fears; my conſcience inceſſantly doth trouble and importune me, and *I* cannot free it from attempts, and *I* receive not there the leaſt wounds but from my enemies weapons.

My ſleep is broken and diſturbed with perpetuall illuſions, *I* cannot ſtifle the thoughts, which perſecuteth me, and in ſtead of receiving repoſe, *I* am tormented with new paines.

It is in fine impoſſible, but I wake without intermiſſion, if my wearineſſe caſt me into a ſleep, my diſquiets doth preſently awake me, and *I* feel in my intrals a fire which devoureth me, and which is augmented by my watchings.

I do loath the food which heretofore was moſt pleaſing unto me, *I* mingle my drink with my tears, there is nothing but confuſion before my eyes, and *I* am capable onely of ſhame, when *I* remember how greviouſly *I* have offended my God, and in how many ſeverall waies I have abuſed and miſ-

uſed

uſed the abilities and graces wch he hath beſtowed on me.

I have imployed my daies in nothing but vanity, *I* have been willingly conſumed & waſted with cares and thoughts oppoſite unto my good, and permitting my ſelf to be carried and gained with the extravigancie of my imaginations, & with the unlawfulneſſe of my deſires, I have ſuffered a loſſe which *I* cannot repair, *I* have conſumed the time which *I* ought to have imployed for my ſalvation.

I framed unto my ſelf nothing but dreams, I thought I ſaw real things, but they were

were appearances and ſhadows to concludeI have deceived my ſelf, and, I am loſt in my vanities and fond imaginations.

I aſcended even into Heaven, and as ſoon *I* deſcended into Hel & the whileſt out of my old ſins I cauſed new to ſpring, and that one *Abiſme* incited an other *Abiſme*, my ſoul overthrown and ruined with vices, hath been deprived of it's ſtrength and vertue, and I appeared before the eyes of men as putrifaction.

I deſired and courted after impoſſibilities, and the imaginarie fruition of them rendred

dred me ſemblable and like unto thoſe, who dream of great & pleaſant things, and at their awaking find but importune diſpleaſure for not enjoying the riches they dreamed of.

I am but a little worm, and yet, O my God, I have never known my ſelf; I have had rather a boldneſſe which alwaies hath raiſed me above others.

I have proudly diſcourſed of all things, and I have imagined that the ſoveraign and higheſt wiſdome conſiſted in this pride.

I became offenſive unto my equalls, and a fantaſtick paſſion

paſſion without foundation hath often ben the cauſe that I have done many injuries.

I have hated patience, and I have loved fury; and this cruell paſſion was ſo naturall unto me, that without having an object of incitement, it produced it ſelf in my ſoul.

Whileſt it poſſeſſed me I have been deteſtable not only unto my ſervants and Neighbours, but even unto my ſelf, and without conſidering that my God doth not upbraid me with the exceeding great and manifold benefits he hath beſtowed on me, I uncivilly put my friends in mind of the ſmall

ſmall courteſies I did but think to do them, and perhapps they were not obliging.

It hath not been without murmuring, that I have ſupported the evils and misfortunes which hath beguiled me; I have had more truſt in men then confidence in God.

I have not underſtood nor heard the truth & wholeſome documents without indignation; and I never anſwered without choler and teſtineſſe, thoſe who inſtructed me, and made me ſee the waies of my ſalvation.

I have had inclinations to com-

commit out-rages, I have alwaies made diligent inquisition, and used all means to revenge my self of injuries which I imagined I received, and I never left unto God the care of revenging me.

I have bin very bitter often against him that sustained a just cause; I could not permit one to answer me though with mildnesse and humility.

I have found nothing amongst good and vertuous people wch offer'd me content. Debate, Strife, and contentious Alterations have been my Recreation, and I have delighted to destroy the

the Amity of Brothers, and to ſow amongſt them hate and diſcord.

It is true that I have ſometimes conceived good Inſtructions, but I never put them in in execution and performance: they have touched my Eares, but they have never paſſed and penetrated into my heart.

I have cheriſhed, and friendly entertained effeminate and lewd Councellors, who ſtrive only to pleaſe: they have found from me all mãner of favours, & *I* could never endure thoſe that were plain, ſincere, and honeſt, whoſe wholſome plain-

neſſe and boldneſſe would have ſhewn me my Imperfections, and allſo corrected and reform'd them.

I have not ſtretched out my hand unto him whom *I* have ſeen falling, and in need of my help : *I* have not divided my Bread with the poor, whom I ſaw readie to die with hunger and neceſſity.

I have turned mine eyes from beggers, and the Sick for fear of commiſerating them, and that ſome ſmall pitty triumphing over my Avarice, ſhould oblige me to give them an alms.

I have not been careful

to pay my debts, and to reſtore the thing left in my charge; and laſtly the eaſier to ſatisfy my immoderate deſies, I have ruinated my Neighbour by borrowing his goods, which I would not let him have again.

I have not deſir'd Riches, but to ſin the more freely, and eaſiy: I have alwaies appeared Rich, when I was to commit vanity, or forbidden things; and contrariwiſe, I alwaies appear'd poor when there was a propoſal of doing good.

I never wanted any thiug for concupiſcence, and I never had any thing for Piety;

I obſerved no moderation in my meals, & for mõſtrous riots, and horrid exceſs, I have uſed violence unto nature, who is contented with little, and teacheth us temperance.

I have made a God of my Belly, and I have eſtabliſhed my glory in terreſtrial things, which could afford me nothing but confuſion.

I have ſearched and enquired after the moſt exquiſited and choice Viands, I have fained, and pretended inconveniencies for to excuſe my delicacie and wantonneſſe; and neceſſity oftentimes was a pretext of my delights and ſenſuality.

I

I have delighted in adultery, I have loved the converſation of the laſcivious, and obſcene; and my impurities have been ſo great, that I have been aſhamed to name that, which I deemed not diſcredit, and ignominy to have committed.

I have made my Ears and Tongue diligently obſequious unto vanity, I have favourably harkened unto the diſcourſes which flattered me, and when in my opinion they did not give me ſufficient Prayers, I ſupplyed their fault by thoſe I beſtowed on my ſelf.

When that I could pro-

duce an occaſion of commending and extolling me, I have taken extream pleaſure, both to praiſe my ſelf and to hear others magnify me.

Laſtly, my God, by a fraudulent and deceitfull ſuperfluity of Pleaſures of the earth, I have deprived my ſelf of the delights of Heaven; & if the fear of death, and of the future judgement, hath at any time withdrawn me from this profound and bottomleſſe Gulfe, into which the wordly pleaſures do train and allure us, I have at the ſame time fallen therein, and imitated the Dogg that returns

turns unto his vomitting.

I am even dead in good works, and yet I live in ſins, although I am already in the bands and gyves of death, nevertheleſſe I run unto death, & I ſee it moſt frightfull and horrid, which doth haſten and goe before me.

But O my God! that thy mercies prevent and anticipate this grand day, this day of terrour, this day full of tears and ſighs; make me to die, to the end that I begin to revive, and that I magnify thy mercies above all whatſoever thou haſt made.

Behold Lord, behold the quality and condition of

my ſoul: behold the languors and feebleneſſe concupiſcence hath reduced it unto; behold the aſſaults and violence I receive from this fury; and free me from the puiſſant power of an enemy, who without doubt will be invincible if thou doſt not aid me to overcome him.

Teare me, and with force pluck me from the chaine of death, to the end that I may not adheere and be faſtened unto any but unto thee, who art the only true life and that having abandoned and forſaken all things, I follow only thee, who art more conſiderable, and worthyer then the whole world. My

My Lord God, God of ſalvation and mercy, ſay unto my ſoul I am thy ſafety, thy prayers have been heard, that it ſhall be done as thou deſireſt. Permit O my God that I may hear this voice, that following it I may encounter thee, and that having met and found thee, I may not forſake thee before thou diſmiſſe me healed of all my wounds.

For ineeed where can I goe to find the, recovery & curing of my evills, if I goe not unto thee, My God? and who can better ſolace my Maladies, then he who deſcended from Heaven for the

ſalvation of man, and to apply remedies unto his Maladies and diſeaſes?

Who can give me life, but he who imparts unto all things either death or life? who can afford my ſafety, better aſſurance in the midſt of the Gulphs, and precipices of the world, then you my God, my Saviour? therfore ſave me, therefore verifie me, thou who art ſalvation and life unto thoſe who confide in thee.

My God, even as thy power hath not had beginning, ſo let thy glory have no end; that we praiſe thee, that we adore thee inceſſantly;

ly; that we render unto thee immortal & everlasting Honours, and eternal Thanks, seeing that thou art an eternall source of mercy.

I did abandon thee, and although I voluntarily retired, thou wert not wanting to appeare readie unto my relief, as soon as I appealed unto thee: and thou hast assisted me sooner, and afforded me succour, then thou didst hear my complaints.

It is sufficient for thee to cure us, that we be willing to be cured, it is enough for to receive life from thy liberality, that we be desirous to live, and thy bountie is so great,

great, that thy favours ordinarily anticipate the desires of a sinner, that doth agnize himself. Therefore I will tell thee my God, & it will be sufficient to appease thy anger; I do now acknowledge my iniquities, I do not only know and despise my evils, but I see them even heal'd and pardoned.

Yea my God, I must needs acknowledge them, seeing that the horrour and dread they afford me doth pierce my very bones, & my soul is troubled with their frightfull representation, which my memory doth retract and repeat.

So

So I do expose before thy Divine Majesty, both my imperfections and my sins, that thy mercy race and deface them, and that thou cureſt my soul of this blindneſſe, which made it rebell againſt thee. As iniquity is not pleasing unto thee, so also will'ſt not the death of a sinner; thou desireſt that he should be converted and live.

For the dead do not praiſe thee my God, it shall be only the living: it shall be only us who shall chaunt forth thy praiſes, and shall publiſh in all ages thy bounties and mercies.

PSALM

PSALM V.

MY God, I have expreſſed & repreſented my miſeries unto thee, not for to make thee know them, nor to acquaint thee with the ſtate and condition I am in, and by what waies I walk in the world, for thou did'ſt foreſeee them from all eternity, and before the world had being thou did'ſt calculate my Steps.

Thou doſt penetrate into the concealed obſcurity of darkneſſe, thou diſcovered'ſt & diſcerned'ſt whatſoever is there hidden, there is nothing can be exempted from

from thy ſight, all things are preſent unto thee; thou even ſeeſt what is done in our very ſouls, and the moſt ſecret cogitations are not unknown unto thee. I declare therefore unto thee my miſeries, and afflictions, that thou covereſt them thy ſelf, and that thou deigneſt to protect me: I reveal unto thee all my ſecrets that thy goodneſſe conceal them, that thou know and ſeeſt that my heart is contrite, and humbled, and by this ſacrifice which is more agreeable unto thee then all other ſacrifice, I may move thy mercy and obtain pardon.

I have daily, even untill now, ſaid many execrable things, but in compariſon of thoſe I have done, I muſt confeſſe that I have ſaid but little. My conſcience yields me continuall aſſaults, it doth daily delineate and repreſent unto me the horror of my faults; & it nouriſheth in my ſoul a worm, which doth batter, and torment it inceſſantly.

But may not this worm ſo gnaw my ſoul, that it free it from all impurities, and conſume it ſelf in conſuming them? Permit my God, that it doth not begin to be nouriſhed there, for to live there eter-

eternally; make it to prick and pierce my ſoul, that it dyeth there, and that tormenting my ſoul, it ceaſeth by little and little from pricking it.

But alas! how deplorable is my condition? I imagine to have confeſſed all my ſins, and yet I am conſtrained to begin again. My memory hourely repreſents unto me new matter of fearing thy Juſtice, and as it is wholly repleniſhed with the iniquities of my life, it hath not ſo-ſoon diſcovered one but it cauſeth me to ſee greater and more worthy of chaſtiſement.

To conclude, the number

ber of my offences hath exceeded the ſands of the Sea, and although I ſhould have a thouſand Mouths, and as many Tongues, it would be impoſſible for me to name one of every million. Even ſo my griefe is grown ſo much the greater, that I cannot remember all my impurities, for whileſt I commit new ſins I forget inſenſibly the old.

But O my God, I will not ſmother with ſilence, thoſe which remain in my memory, I will refrain from loving them, that I may love thee more puiſſantly, & that conſidering my life with an humble

humble ſpirit, and with an eye repleat with tears, I may make thee leſſe ſevere, and more mild and clement: O my God, who art the true Clemency, the mercy which never deceaveth, the happy Indulgence, the aſſured Delight.

I have, I confeſſe loved Envy, and I have been an enemy unto charity, I have ſpoken ill of Kings, of Princes and of the Miniſters of the Church; and I have offended & injured with outragious and unreaſonable murmurs. I could not endure to hear the commendations of good and vertuos people

people, and I have approved of the actions of wicked and lewd.

If at any time the Juſt and religious have been praiſed in my preſence, I have at the ſame inſtant endeavoured to defame and diſhonour them with deceitfull ſlanders: I made diligent ſearch and inquiſition after their moſt ſecret faults, and I have been ſo cruelly malitious againſt them, that I have endeavoured to make their ſmall imperfections accoũted and deemed great and foule offences.

On the contrary, if a juſt infamie hath been the Salary and reward of the wicked, and

and if I have perceived them despised and forsaken by the world, I have presently declared my self for them: I have boasted of their imaginary vertues. I have prefer'd them before the most perfect and honest, and perhaps I have been the most powerfull cause of their ruine.

If I did see a Felon I accõpanied him in bereaving my Neighbour of his goods, & to forget or want nothing that might render me most faulty, I have drawn scandalls on the Sons of my Mother, and my friends and Parents could not defẽd themselves from my fraudulent deceits,

deceits, nor be exempted from my Calumnies.

I have wiſhed my Neighbour all the misfortune and miſeries that could afflict a man, and it hath been only in his death that I have erected my hopes. I have not cared nor made account of Protecting the Innocent & Guiltleſſe, and as if I ſhould rejoyce in the afflictions of the wicked; I have augmented their punniſhment with inhumane reproach and upbrayding.

I have raſhly judged of very many, I have eaſily believed there were ſins, where I ſaw no appearance thereof and

and perceiving the ſmalleſt Straw or a Mote in my brothers eye, I have not diſcerned a great Beam in mine owne which hath made me fall.

I have loved above all things Idleneſſe and Sloth, I have hated honeſt labours and vertuous exerciſes, I have ſpent my daies in voluntary drowſineſſe, and I never thought of giving God thanks for the favours I have ſo often receiv'd.

But alas I have not meditated on thy laws and on thy wonderfull works; thou knowſt, O my God, that I have paſſed many nights with-

without closing mine eys, and my soul which thought on all things did not think on thee, it wandred every where, but never encountred thee.

I have approached my bed and laid me down to rest without dreaming, or thinking on thee, and in like sort I have risen from my bed; the day hath begun and ended without my having one thought of thee.

Therefore my God, I have allwayes been without thee, because I have been overmuch with my self, and I have been willing to follow only wild & furious passions,

which

which immoderately and continually removed and baniſhed me from thee.

But if at any time I have thought on thee, or the marvelous works which thou haſt done for man, I have ſuffocated the cogitations as ſoon as they were produced, I have permitted my ſelf eaſily to be vitiated and ſeduced by the vanities of the world.

The endeavours & means I uſed to repreſent unto me thy greatneſs, were like thoſe which one uſeth to hinder ſleep, and doth not diſturb it, but permitting himſelf to be overcome by the ſweetneſſe of

ſleep, is by them more profoundly lull'd aſleep.

I have often determin'd to put the affaires of my conſcience in order, but the enterpriſe I have alwaies profogued, and defer'd it unto the morrow, and the confident hope of being one day reformed, hath been the cauſe that I never amended.

I have eſtabliſhed my felicity on a ſleight, inconſtant, and deceitfull foundation, I was ſupported by a Reed and broken Staffe, when I deemed my ſelf moſt ſecure, I miſerably fell into the fire, and my fall only could make me know the meakneſſe of my ſupport.

I

I have been ambitious of illegitimate Honours, I have been inflamed with an immoderate desire of gaining riches, and thriving in all things, and these unreasonable and unbridled covetings have plunged me into criminall troubles.

All the wicked, all the impious, and all these who liv'd without rule and order, have been my friends: I have dishonoured Amity, the sacred Tie, which ought not to unite us to any but the vertuous, yea my God, I have dishonour'd it with my concupiscense, and I have profained its sacred Sanctity with the impurities of my affections.

I have taken content in recreations, which contained the cauſe of my ruine and origine of the fires which conſumed me, and in lieu of ſtopping and barrocadoing the paſſages by which death might ſurpriſe me, I have made him new ones, and all my members have been as many gates by which death hath entred into my ſoul.

When I have ſoiled and contaminated my ſelf with new offences, I have not cleanſed my ſelf of my old iniquities, they have bin on the contrary the original Authours of many crimes which have eloined and baniſhed me

me from thy ſight, which hath cauſed my deprivation of the conſolation which thy preſence affordeth, and that I walk as one forlorn, and in deſpair, uncertain of all I ought to hold and enjoy.

But alas! whether ſhall I goe if I depart from thee? who will reſpect me, if thou no more regard me, and from me as a Reprobate and condemned creature thou takeſt away the favour of thy ſight and Aſpect.

It cannot be doubted but that I become odious unto all men, and a ſubject of contempt and laughter, when they ſhall demand of me,

where is thy God? and where-fore hath he deprived thee of his ſight.

What then ſhall I be able to do, when that I ſhall be no more in thy protection, and that I ſhall ſee my ſelf in the mid'ſt of my enemies aſſaulted on all ſides and abandoned by thee.

I will make diligent ſearch after thee, O my God, I will goe with my Tears and Sighs to implore thy compaſſion, I will moſt humbly beſeech thee not to forſake me, and that thy anger do not oblige and incite thee to withdraw thy eyes from the conduct and government of thy Ser-

vant;

vant; for mine enemies follow me as if I fled from them, they purſue me, O my God, for to make me their Slave, and to feed thēſelves on my Bloud.

It is therefore neceſſary that I ſeeke neere thee a Sanctuary, and that I run towards thee having fled from thee ſo long time. O my God thou art my ſtrength, my refuge, and my aſſured Security, thou art the only vertue and power which is able to defend me, and to comfort me at the day of my my miſeries and afflictions.

As there is no God beſides thee, ſo there is no Saviour beſides thee, therefore O my

God who knoweſt my miſeries and infirmities, and before whom my diſſembling and hypocriſie could hide nothing: be not mindfull of my old and new offences any farther, then that thy mercy guard and protect me from the purſuits of my enemies, releaſe and looſe me from the chaines with which I am ſo cruelly detained.

There is none but you that can recover and harbour me, thou O my God, who entertaineſt and ſaveſt all thoſe who confide in thee, and who enables the poor and weak to triumph over the violence of the proudeſt and moſt puiſſant. Do

Do not therefore divert and eſtrange thy divine ſight from me, deſpiſe me not, O my God, be my preſervation, my ſecurity, and my releaſer. I am poor, I am miſerable, and thou haſt been accuſtomed with mercy to behold the poor and miſerable.

If thy Iuſtice ſeek me, let thy mercy hide me; protect me with that benignity which hath made thee ſo patient, and by which thou haſt called and reduced me unto repentance.

Thou art facile, and ſoon pleaſed, thou art mercifull and charitably tender, thy mercy hath alwaies ſurpaſſed

our malice, and there is nothing more proper and naturall unto thee, then to have compaſſion on the miſerable and wretched, and to pardon ſinners.

Thou art therefore mercifull towards all the world, becauſe thou art omnipotent, & thou diſſembleſt the ſins of men, becauſe thou permits thy ſelf to be moved, and gained by their repentance, in fine, thou pardoneſt the whole world, becauſe thou loveſt all the world, and that it is the work of thy hands.

Caſt therefore thy comfortable and healthfull eyes on me, ſeeing I am converted unto

unto thee, and withdraw my afflicted ſoul from the dangerous extremities unto which it is reduced, to the end that my mouth be repleniſhed with thy praiſe and laud, and that I may be able to ſay, bleſſed be the Lord, who hath not permitted, that I did fall under the dominion and ſoveraignty of my enemies.

They would have without doubt ruin'd me, if my Lord God had not afforded me his aid and aſſiſtance, my ſoul had been as a Fowle caught and enſnared in the Fowlers Nets: their Nets are torn and diſſolved, and I at laſt am freed.

PSALM

PSALM VI.

WHat ſhall I do unfortunate & miſerable creature that I am? this Monſter that comes from Hell, Sin, is fed with my ſoul. My enemy leadeth me in triumph, and I am his booty and prey. O my God, he hath deprived and plundered me of all the goods with which thou hadſt enriched me, and now I fear to appear naked before thee.

I proceeded from thy hands with all the beauty, vertue, integrity, and with all the riches and ornaments that could make me happy, without con-

conſidering that I could not preſerve them of my ſelf, I have forſaken thee, my God, and I have run as one mad & unreaſonable into every place where I might looſe my ſelf.

My ſoul is become more black then Coal, it hath loſt the colour which mark'd and declar'd its innocency, and hath prefer'd poyſon before the celeſtiall viands. For to put on the mantle of a ſinner I have beſpoiled and ſtript my ſelf of all the precious and ſumptuous ornaments with wch thou hadſt cloathed me.

I have deſtroyed my ſelf, I have disfigured my ſelf, it ſeemes to me I was become

a perfect modell of the diſobedient firſt man; my ſins; O my God, have reduced me unto ſo miſerable a condition, that you cannot diſcerne in me the image which thou engravedſt in my ſoul at my creation. It is not therefore unjuſt, that as a mangie, rotten, & defiled ſheep thou wilt not any longer permit me to remaine in thy Flock, ſeeing O my God, the very Heavens and Seraphims are not without blemiſh before thy divine Majeſtie, how ſhall I preſume to appear before thee, I who am nothing but impurities.

If by the power of ſin I, am become Savage and brutiſh,

how

how ſhall I have the boldneſs to appear amongſt thy elect? nevertheleſſe I will returne unto thee, allthough I tremble and am aſhamed of my ſelf; the Paternall Liberality & Clemency which thou haſt towards all men, ſhall ſerve me for Phares, & guide, for to conduct me unto thy boſome.

As a Father yet loveth his Son when he flieth from him, ſo he loveth him better when his repentance reduceth him, even ſo, my God, I hope that having loved me in my flight, thou wilt love me yet at my returne.

But alas! I would returne, but I want power and ability

I feele my ſelf arreſted and detained by a cruell Puiſſance, I feele my ſelf detained not with ſtrange fetters and gyves but by my own will, with which the enemy of my good, hath made me ſuch chaines which are impoſſible to be broken by me.

My Azile without doubt is far from me, ſeeing that ſalvation is ſevered from ſinners, and I ſhall be conſtrained to die in ſo rigourous a ſervitude and ſlavery, if my ſuccour cometh not from Heaven, and if my God do not with mercy behold me.

I am plunged in the mire, I have not ſtrength to recover

ver and get forth, and a dreadfull tempeſt doth not leſſe torment my ſoul, then the ſurges of an outragious Sea doth toſſe a miſerable Ship: ſo that O my Lord I muſt not longer hope to avoid the dangers which doe inviron me, if thou takeſt me not into thy Protection.

Alas! the more I endeavour to avoid ſhipwrack, the nearer I approach unto the Rocks, and the more I beat on them: both within and without I am lamẽtable & deteſtable unto my-ſelf, & I encounter every where domeſticall enemies, *I* look on all ſides, and I ſee not one in whom *I* might confide. Fear

Fear followeth me in every place, and into what quarter ſoever I go, I finde not a faithfull friend; but how ſhould I finde fidelity, and why would I ſeek it in men, if I keep not the promiſe and Faith made unto God.

I have ſought ſome one which might afford me conſolation in my afflictions and calamities; but I have not found any one amongſt thoſe I moſt loved, who would take the paines of comforting me.

I have not found; a ſincere friend; but *I* have found a great number of thoſe who ſpeak much, and who make many vaine promiſes; or rather

ther, my God *I* have found many men drunk, ſeeing that they never ſpeake of thee and their diſcourſe is their Sin.

I have found men who had not charity, who condemned my faults to make me fall into deſpair, who aſſaulted me outragiouſly with opprobrious and reviling ſpeeches, and who were willing to deprive me of my ſoul, as well as of my reputation and good name.

I have often favoured the impious and irreligious; and declining from the right way, *I* have often without conſideration embraced their opinions: *I* have by little

little and little arrived unto irregularity, that although by thy assistance *I* never departed from the true religion; nevertheless *I* have beleived that it had many things which were not considerable, and one might justly contemne them.

O my God, *I* am by no meanes, excusable, for although *I* have known thee in verity, *I* have never worshipped and adored thee in truth, and Spirit: contrariwise *I* have turned truth into falshood; *I* have rather obeyed the Creature then the Creatour, and *I* have sought my pleasure in deceitfull and cor-

corruptible things, instead of seeking them in the eternall verities.

But, O my God as thou hast permitted that I have knowne thee in the true Religion, awaken me from this drousinesse and senseleſſe benumming, into which my iniquites have brought me. Illighten and illustrate mine eyes for to impeach the consummation of death from passing into my soul.

Illuminate mine eyes, elevate & raise them unto thee, that they see thee by thy light, thou who art the eternall light, the light which is never wanting which is never extinguished

guiſhed, and which hath in it all that can be imagined delightſome and pleaſing, that they ſee thee, that they delight therein, that they deſire only thee, and that they acknowledge that there is none but you truely amiable.

Thou art the true light, with which all men that come into the world are enlightned: diſperſe therefore and diſſolve with thy rayes the darkneſſe which doth environ me; make me deſire to live under wholeſome and comfortable laws, that my ſoul inflamed with the fire of thy love, do not languiſh but for thee, and ſeek not other pleaſures then

thoſe which thou preſents unto it.

I ſay my ſoul, O Lord, but licenſe that I may ſay it is thine, it is thine ſeeing thou haſt created it, and it is not mine becauſe I have received it of thee: preſerve then a creature which thou haſt formed according unto thy Image, and of which thou wert pleaſed to be the Artificer, and the Modell.

Permit not that this precious & excellent gift which thou haſt given me, & which raiſeth me above all the works of thy hands periſh miſerably, and be the prey of Hell.

Puniſh me in every part of my

my body, that my fleſh be nothing but ſtink & putrifaction, that I be conſumed with wormes; but pardon my ſoul, & extend not unto it thy hand armed with Thunder and Lightning.

Reſtore me into thy waies before the Sun be ſet, and ſeeing that it is already late, conſtraine me to returne unto thee, if it be not ſufficient for me to be called thereunto. Compell me, O my God, with all ſorts of rigour, ſo that I arrive at thee, and that I do not miſcarry.

Bereave me of this heart of Marble, and give me a heart of fleſh, that thy ſpirit preſide there,

there, to the end that I walk according unto thy precepts and documents, and that I observe thy Commands.

Grant me, O my God, so much favour, not for my sake, who in abusing thy mercy have daily made my self unworthy of it, but only for thy venerable & holy names sake.

I confesse that it is very late that I come unto thee, and this is a chastisement unto me, for not having sooner come unto thee. But I know well, my God, that thou dost not prescribe a time unto those who are willing to come and find thee, and thou dost receive and entertain the last as

favourably as the firſt.

Although thou deteſts the ſin, thou hateſt not the ſinner, and thou art not delighted in his deſtruction, although he be a long time coming, nevertheleſs thou expect'ſt him with patience. O my God, how ſweet & agreable is this voice, by which thou yield'ſt unto my ſoul the hope which it had loſt. Notwithſtanding thou haſt offended me (ſayeſt thou) with thy pleaſures; return unto me and I will receive thee.

How delectable and charming is this ſpeech, which comforts the ſinner; even when he diſtruſts his own ſtrength, and was ready to diſpair:

ſpair: if the Impious doe pennance, he ſhall be redeemed of all his ſins, he ſhall live and ſhall not die.

Thinkeſt thou (ſay you) that the death of a Sinner is an effect of my will? truely it is unto me a great conſolation to hear thee ſay, that the ſhepheard having found his loſt and ſtraid ſheep, layeth it on his ſhoulders with joy, and that the woman who hath found again the groat which ſhe had loſt, rejoyceth with her neighbours.

I cannot hinder Joy from forcing my eyes to ſhower forth teares, when I read in thy holy writ that the father re-

ceived and entertained propitiouſly, and lovingly his Son who had forſaken him, and that he rejoyced to have foũd him after having loſt him.

Make me hear therefore that voyce which rowſes and awaketh Soules from their drowſines and Sleep; but doe not make me only to apprehend and hear it; caſt on me even yet thoſe divine beames which make men to ſee the horror of their ſins, and which at the ſame time doe diſſipate and diſſolve their moſt profound and ſecret darkneſs.

Let thy voyce reſound and eccho alwaies in my heart, and in fine ſay unto my ſoul which

which ſleepeth; how long yet wilt thou permit thy ſelf to be overmaſtered and ſubdued by the burthen of death? how long wilt thou remaine captivated in ſo rigourous manacles and ſhackles? it is high time that thou awake and rowſe thy ſelf, that thou undertake the beſt way & courſe, that thou convert thy ſelf towards me who have ranſom'd thee.

Return, return, O Sunamite that we may behold and regard thee, return and delay no longer from coming unto me, for I am thy Lord, I am thy God who calleth thee, I am he who doth raſe and

wipe away ſins, and who doth not remember things paſt.

Even ſo, my God, when I ſhall hear theſe divine ſpeeches, I will ſay with confidence; hope, O my ſoul, that thou ſhalt have repoſe, ſeeing that thy Lord doth Satiate thee with his liberall Largeſſes, goe and ſeek him without fear, and although ſo many ill waies have wearied and tyred thee, nevertheleſſe goe to finde him ſo much the more promptly and ſpeedily, as thou deſireſt to be quickly at quiet and reſt.

Let not thy ſins affright thee, although thou ſhouldeſt be like Scarlet, thou wilt become very

very ſoon as white as ſnow, and thy ſinns ſhall be defaced and aboliſhed as a ſcattered cloud.

Fear not that thou be accuſed of boldneſs & preſumptiõ, when thou ſhalt be praiſed for obedience: goe my ſoul, haſten to goe unto him who is not come to call the juſt, but to call ſinners: and if thou haſt offended thy God, believe that the ſame God will aſſiſt thee to ſave thee, & to triumph over ſins thy greateſt enemies.

Wherefore then ſhould'ſt thou fear to goe; ſeeing he is not a ſevere Judge, who calleſt thee, but a mercifull and compaſſionate Father, who

will make thee partakers of his bounty; goe, goe boldly where mercy calls thee, leſt thou be conſtrained to appear one day before the Throne of Juſtice.

It is in thee, O my Saviour, and my God, that I this day put my confidence, and I will not bluſh to confeſs unto thee my ſinns; ſeeing that I was not aſhamed to commit them before men, and raiſed my ſelf againſt thee.

Let the Phariſees murmur, and ſay, who can forgive ſins but only God? thy word is the word of my God, who never ſpeaks but he produceth effects: this God who calleth

me

me is ſweet, loving and gra-tious, and is not accuſtomed to permit his anger to exceed his mercies.

So my Saviour, ſupported with thy word, I will not for-bear to goe unto thee: thou art my aſſurance, and I hope that thou wilt be my Inheri-tance in the land of the living: there proſtrated before thy divine Majeſty, I ſhall ceaſe to fear ſince thou haſt been wil-ling to call me.

But leſt that my iniquities offend thy eyes, I will waſh me with my tears, they ſhall ſhower down inceſſantly; my bed ſhall be a witneſſe of my greif, and for to endeavour to

pleaſe

pleaſe thee, I will make my ſelf diſpleaſing to my ſelf.

To conclude my God, I will ſtrive and uſe all diligence not to wrong & miſpend the graces and favours, which thou abundantly powreſt on me, & feeling my ſelf by thy meanes drawn near unto thee. I will repent me of my ſins, to the end that this repentance purifie me, and that with a pure, unſpotted and neat heart, I may ſing thy praiſes, and ſay with thy Prophet? O my God, who is like unto thee? then thy laud and praiſe will be ſweet in the mouth of a ſinner, and he that ſhall ſowe in tears ſhall reap in Joy.

PSALM

PSALM VII.

HAve pitty on me, O my God, I am afflicted, I am tormented, I am tortur'd with miſeries, which I am not able to declare. Torrẽts of iniquities trouble & moleſt me, and are entred even into my ſoul.

As a floud wch doth ravage, and overflow all, ſo the ſins which I have diſſembled, and neglected to confeſſe, or to correct and amend, are increaſed and riſen ſo high that they have paſſed above my head, and ſubdued my underſtanding and my will, under the dominion of concupiſcence,

ſcence, or rather under the bõdage & ſervitude of the Divel.

Alas! I am on all ſides mortally wounded, and even from the ſole of the foot unto the crown of the head, I have nothing whole, and nothing which is not ulcerated.

My enemy hath caſt me headlong on the ground, and as a barbarous Tyrant incenſed againſt me hath bereaved and deprived me of all things, and hath left me onely the underſtanding, to the end that affording me knowledge of my evil, and of my ruine, he might give me new griefs.

He thought that he ſhould not be miſchevious enough, & ſhould annoy me too little, if he

he had bereaved me of the intire function of my ſenſes, but alas! he hath deprived me of it unto good, and hath left it me unto wickedneſſe.

He hath caſt my ſoul into a profound ſleep, that although it knoweth its wounds, it feels them not ſufficiently for to deſire to be cured of them, and for to ſeek after remedy and redreſſe.

When it was abſolutely neceſſary that I ſhould underſtand and hear, it was at that time that I was deaf, and that I diverted mine eares from the truth which denounced and proclamed unto me.

But when it was expedient that

that I ſhould have been deaf unto unprofitable things, and unto the follies of the world, I was ready to hear them, and afforded them a favourabe attention.

I apprehend and reliſhed celeſtiall things as thoſe which have no taſte, nor pleaſure; I loathed whatſoever might nouriſh vertue in my ſoul, and I found nothing more ſweet and pleaſing then terreſtriall things.

I had not eyes to conſider the works of God, I was in this occaſion rather a beaſt then a man, and on the other ſide, I often diſguiſed and tricked up with delight, the vanities of the earth, and I deſired them with an unſatiable greedineſſe, and ardent affection.

But this ancient enemy of man did not only make uſe of my ſenſes,

ſes, for to deprive me of the means to be ſaved, he employed yet all the parts of my body.

He hath ſo cunningly and commodiouſly laid and hidden his ſnares, and gins, that it was impoſſible for me to eſchew them, & as often as I thought to eſcape them, I have miſerably fallen therein.

I have ſinned in ſeeing, and not being willing to ſee, in hearing, and not being willing to hear, in holding my peace and in ſpeaking, in ſtanding and ſitting, in ſleeping and waking, in walking and reſting.

In fine, O my God, I have converted the common uſe & exerciſe of my ſenſes, and of my mẽbers into an ignominious & diſhoneſt imployment, and which ſerved only to deſtroy me.

I have burnt with laſcivious and obſcene deſires, there was no naturall, divine, nor humane law, which I have not violated; and never obſerved any other law then that of ſin,

Alas! that I cannot ſay what I have obſerved, & what I have not obſerved moſt, but ſince that I am yet the ſame, and that I have not altered my life, I am the worſt of Maxims, and I walk in moſt dangerous waies.

My will yet preſides over me, & my ſoul full of Ordures, impurities and wounds, is it ſelf the cauſe, maintenance, and Nurture of its miſerie. I am often angry with my ſelf, becauſe it troubleth and diſcontenteth me to live, and it doth not offend and weary me to ſinn.

I do plainly perceive my folly

ly and Indiſcretion, this knowledge confounds me, and therefore I blame and condemn my ſelf. Thou who loveſt pleaſures with ſo great affection, wherefore remaineſt thou ſo long in the mire into which thy concupiſcence hath caſt thee?

Wherefore doe the affaires of the world miniſter ſuch itching cares, and anxieties? wherefore deſireſt thou ſo ardently Treaſures, which muſt periſh? or wherefore termeſt thou thoſe things good, which thou doeſt obtaine and puchaſe with paine and labour, which often times coſt thee thy ſalvation, wch thou enjoyeſt not without fear, and thou canſt not looſe without extreame greife.

Wherefore my ſoul, wherefore

forget.

forgetteſt thou thy Origine, thy Nobility and thy Inheritance? and how art thou not aſhamed to ſubject thy ſelf ſo negligently, and effeminatly under the Rule, and Soverainty of the body, and ſences, which were made to obey thee.

How permitteſt thou thy ſelf to be charmed with the deceitfull, and fraudulent promiſes of the world? and how doeſt thou not know that its greateſt good and pleaſure is but a vapour, which for a little while appeareth and on a ſuddain vaniſheth.

Bluſh, bluſh preſently for having been ſo oft ſeparated from thy Creator for to follow creatures, and returning at laſt unto thy ſelf, think how much appearances and ſeemings have wronged and deceived thee.

Behold

Behold how thou tortureſt thy ſelf with the purſuit of a falſe and counterfeit Pleaſure, and which reſembleth the Spider, which takes not ſo much paines to ſpin, and extend ſmall threads, as that ſhe draweth forth her Intralls but to catch & apprehend Flies, thou doeſt not embrace & and entertain ſo many labours, and thou doeſt not diſmember thy ſelf but for a ſlight and fickle Prey, which is never conſiderable but in the torments which it cauſeth unto thee.

Bluſh therefore once more, for having ſo eagerly followed thoſe things, from which thou couldeſt not reap any profit; bewail the time that thou haſt loſt, to the end that the ſhame which thou ſhalt have therein may afford thee ſome benefit.

Beſtow

Beſtow thy heart on God, and thou ſhalt pay what thou oweſt: verily when I conſider theſe words I become angry with my ſelf, for not having given unto Heaven, that which I have given ſo freely and bountifully unto the earth.

I am diſpleaſed with my ſelf, when I obſerve the reproaches that my conſcience makes me, and that I compare the great riches, which I looſe, with the weak furtherances which I imagine to have found, for I do not the good that I know, but I do the evil that I will and deſire.

Even ſo my enemy diſpoſeth of my will, and conforming me to his deſires, makes me as deteſtable as himſelf, he captivates me in his fetters, and miſerably detains me under the law of ſin.

But

But O my God, ſeeing that thou art the God of power and might, and that thou haſt all Puiſſance and Authority over my life, remove not thy ſuccour far from me; appeare in my defence, keep and ſhrowd me under the covert and ſhadow of thy wings, that my adverſaries may not have the priviledge to ſee me periſh, and that my enemy proud and vain-glorious with my loſſe, may not ſay that he hath triumphed over me.

Break the bands and ſhackles which do loade me, & do hinder me from going unto thee, beat in pieces the chains of ſin with which I am ſo puiſſantly detained, let thy power and ſtrength appear unto mine enemy, cauſe that I may immolate a victim of joy unto thee and ſing with thy Saints.

Who can expreſs the might of the Lord, or who can ſufficiently praiſe God, who hath freed my ſoul from the gyves of death, who hath hindred me from falling, and who hath delivered me from the mouth of the Lyon.

Whom ſhall I implore in my miſeries, if it be not you my God, whom our Fathers have ſo profitably beſought? if it be not you my God, who never deceives thoſe who confide and hope in thee? receive me then into thy protection, and let all the world aſſault me.

I will fear nothing, I will behold without dread the aſſaults of my adverſaries, whil'ſt thou undertakeſt my defence, and thou wᵗʰ be me: behold my heart, behold my deſires, & take from thence whatſoever is diſpleaſing unto

unto thee : Renew my Soul, create me the ſecond time, confirme ſo the graces which thou gaveſt me, that it be impoſſible for me to looſe them ; and after having forſaken the vanities of the world, and its deceitfull pleaſures, the ſinner become laudable and praiſe-worthy for the purity of his deſires.

Permit O my God, that deſiring none but thee, I may make my requeſts pleaſing unto thee, and then I will ſay unto thee with aſſurance ; Lord, that my Soul hath not other deſires then thoſe which thou infuſeſt.

I know well that we cannot deſire thee, if thou doeſt not inſpire us with ſo comfortable and profitable deſires, & that we cannot walke towards thee, unleſſe thou thy ſelf draw us.

Intice

Intice and draw me therefore, Lord, and give me good desires, that I may do good works: cause that I begin well and that I end so; draw me, O God, before my old customes, stifle my new resolutions, and that my will perverted and confined in wickednesse, surcharge and subdue the designes and intentions which I have made to day for my good.

Seeing I propose that which is just, hinder that I fall not into my former injustices: make me capable of thy grace, and of my salvation: dart on me thy light, and dissipate the darknesse which doth envelope & incumber me.

Revest me with those pretious garments which do render us agreeable unto thy eyes, & strip me of those mournfull and detestable garments, with which sin hath clothed me.

To conclude, my God, remember not any more my faults, make in me an universall Innovation and Metamorphosis, that I being made a new man, I bring unto thy service a new soul, and new fervency and affection, and that running incessantly after thee, I find no delight but in Iesus my Saviour and my Master.

Laus Deo Deiparæque.